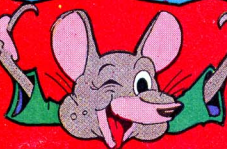


NO 23

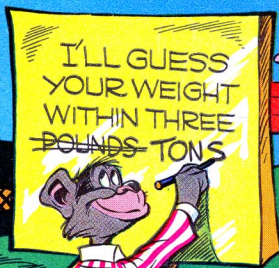
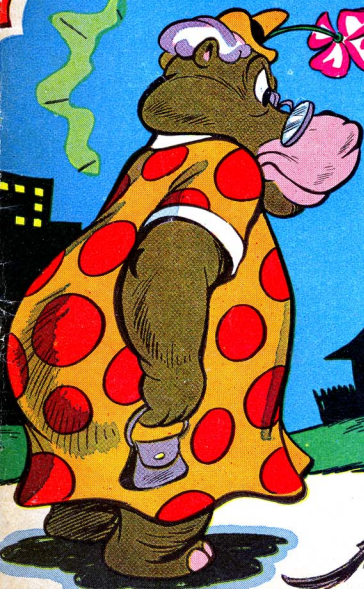
NOVEMBER

GIGGLE



COMICS

10¢



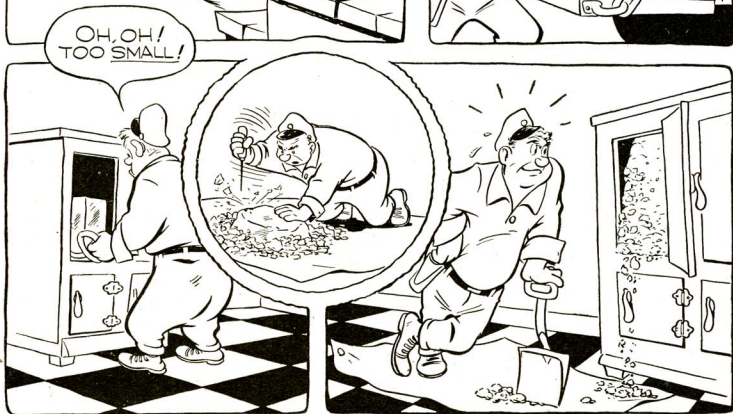
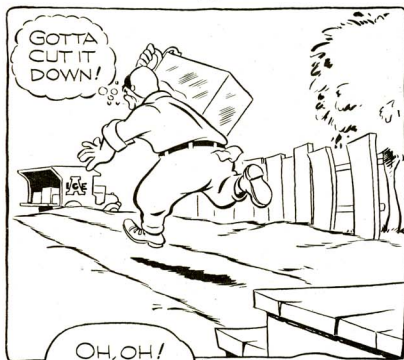
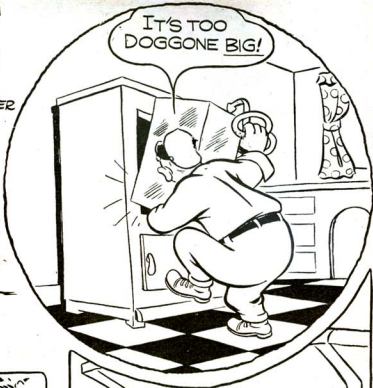
KEN HULTGREN



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

HERMYE

BY
GIL TURNER



SUPERKATT

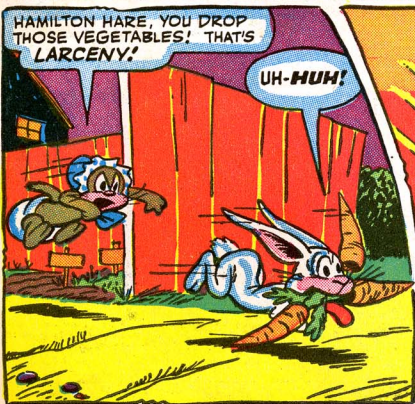
YASSUH, MR. SUPERKATT--
YO' IS ABOUT TA BE
CROWNED KING UB
DE BEASTS!

GEE!



HAMILTON HARE, YOU DROP
THOSE VEGETABLES! THAT'S
LARCENY!

UH-HUH!



WAM!

OW!

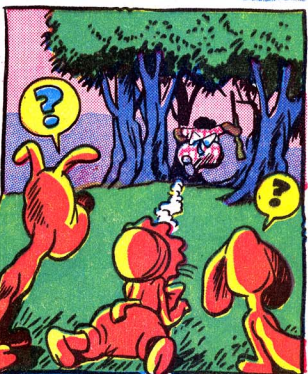
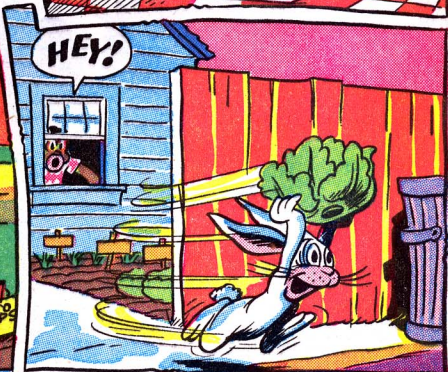
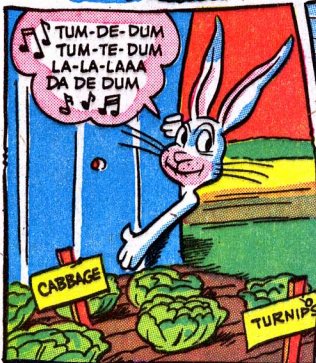
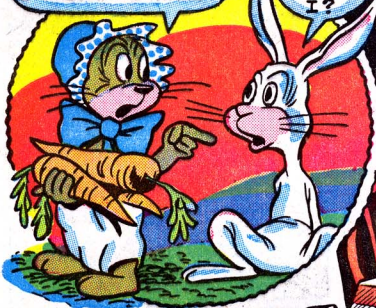


NOW, I'M WARNIN' YA!
PETUNIA AIN'T GONNA
PUT UP WITH MUCH MORE
O' THIS! SHE'S MAD!

OKAY, OKAY!
I SAID I
HOLD YA,
DIDN'T
I?

THERE YOU ARE,
PETUNIA! AS
USUAL, SUPERKATT
FIXES THINGS
WITHOUT
UNNECESSARY
BLOODSHED!

UMMM! BUT AH
STILL THINKS DAT
LONG-EARED ANIMLE
SHOULD BE
SHOT!
YASSUH!



OH-HHH! MY NERVES
WON'T STAND IT! THE
THOUGHT OF POOR
POOR HAMILTON...
ULP!

**BANG!
BANG!**

OH, MR.
SUPERKATT!
WAIT!

**BANG!
BANG!**

MISTER
SUPERKATT!

WHO WUZ
DAT?

DAT'S HAMILTON'S
WIFE AN' KIDS!
PATHETIC,
AIN'T IT?

PLEASE, SIR-- CUT THE
DRAMATICS AN' DO
SOMETHIN' PRACTICAL!

BUT THERE'S
NOTHIN' I
CAN DO!

BUT THERE
MUST BE
SOME WAY!
YOU JUS'
GOTTA
SAVE
HAMILTON!

YEH, I KNOW-- BUT
HOW? PETUNIA AIN'T
IMPRESSED BY SUPER
THINGS-- EVEN CATS!
NOT UNLESS IT WUZ A--

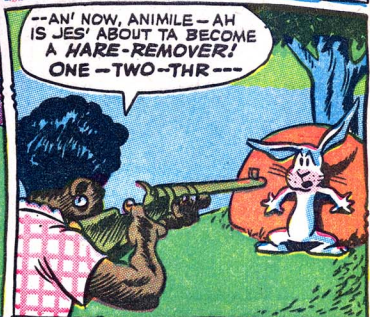
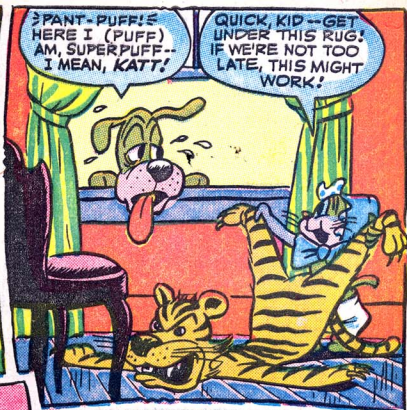
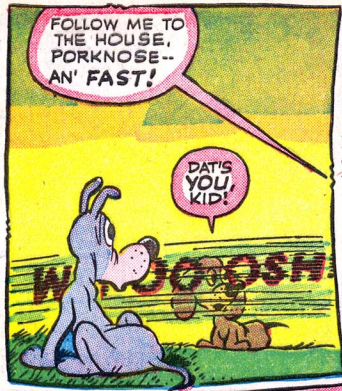
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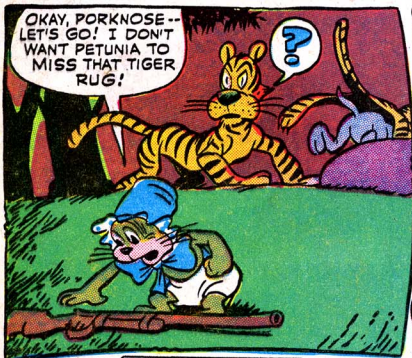
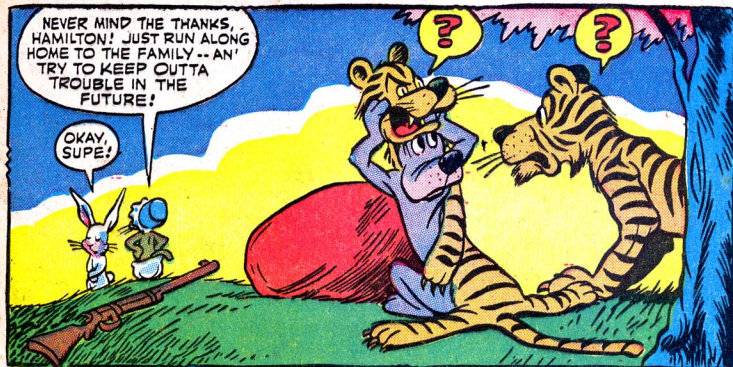
I GOT IT!

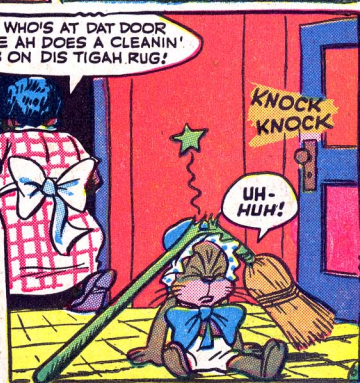
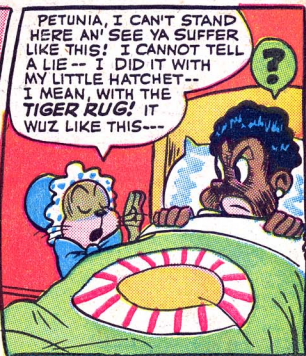
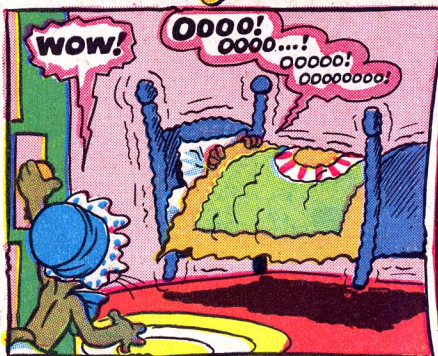
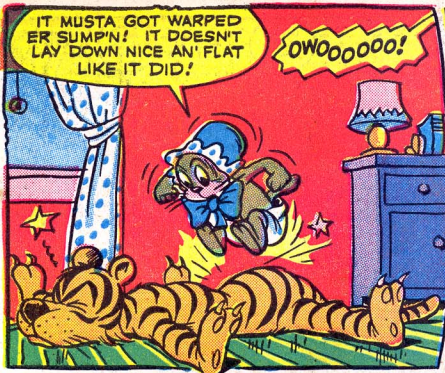
BLAH!

COMIC
EARTH
DAILY BURP
TIGER ESCAPES
FROM CIRCUS!

READ THE BURP







BUT THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE, PORKNOSE! PETUNIA'S IN THERE CLEANING OUR RUG NOW!

DEN SHE'S PROB'LY DE FOIST WOMAN IN HISTORY TA CLEAN A REAL TIGER!

A REAL TIGER?

DAILY BURP
TIGER ESCAPES FROM CIRCUS!

NEWSPAPER

BR-RRR!

H-HALP!

SQUUNCH!

IS DERE A FRANK BUCK IN DE HOUSE? GANGWAY!

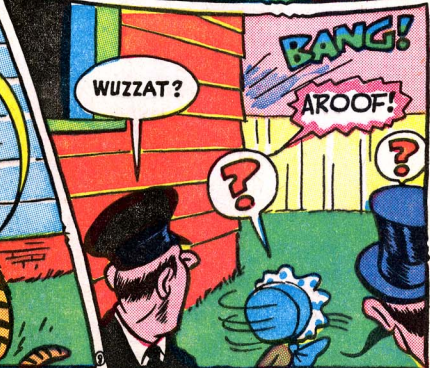
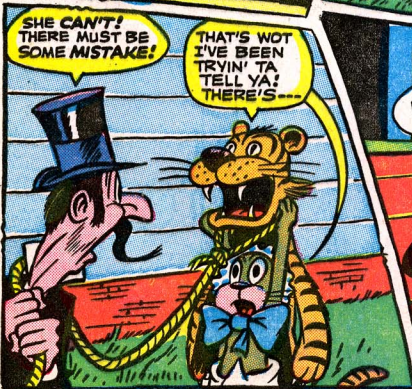
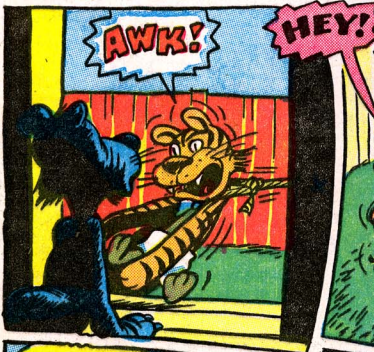
OKAY, MEN--I THINK WE'RE ON THE RIGHT TRACK!

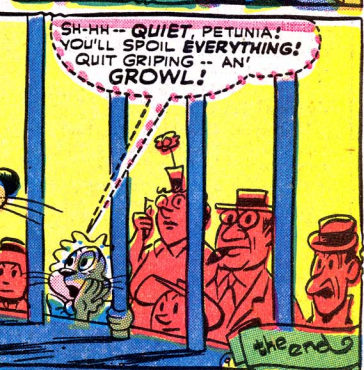
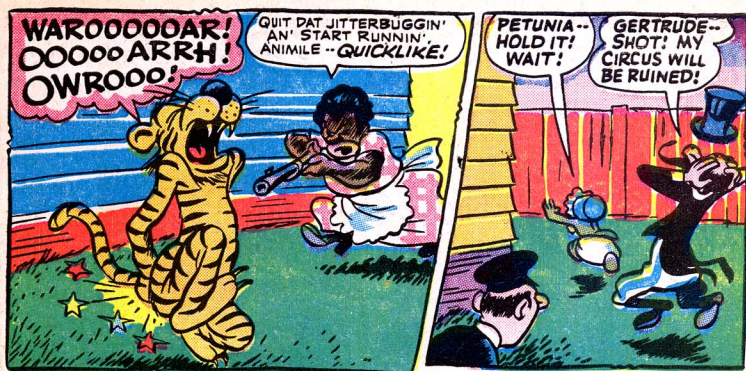
GRRRRRRRRR!

WOW! I GOTTA DO SOME FAST THINKIN'!

?

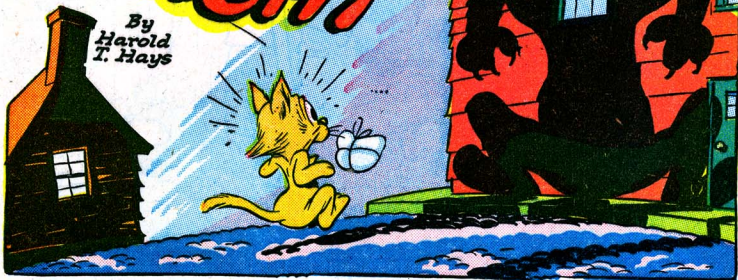
IDEA!





THE FLIGHT

By
Harold
T. Hays



CASPAR was a scaredy-cat! That is exactly what he was. He was so jumpy and nervous that all the other cats in the neighborhood used to tease him about it all the time.

"Sufferin' cats!" they would shout. "Here comes fearless Caspar!"

"Howlin' catfish, what a sissy!"

"Well, dog my cats if it ain't quakin' Caspar!"

The truth is that Caspar was indeed afraid. He would never walk under ladders, and would never go near his cousin Caroline, because she was a **BLACK** cat! Everyone tried to show him how silly he was, but it was no use.

One evening, shortly after sunset, Caspar was at home working on his stamp collection. Suddenly, his mother exclaimed, "Mercy me! There's not a speck of catnip in the house! Caspar, run down to the store and get some, right now!"

"But, mother!" Caspar objected, "It's dark out! I'm afraid!"

"Nonsense, Caspar! You'll have to get over this foolishness sooner or later, and it might as well be *right now!* GIT ALONG!"

Caspar was almost petrified with fear, but he knew he had to obey his mother. Slowly, he walked out of the house and into the dark street.

"G-gosh!" murmured Caspar. "I'm k-kinda s-s-scared! Guess I'll have to get that catnip, though!"

He ran to the store as fast as he could, and bought the catnip. "N-now for the trip home!" Caspar stammered. "This is awful!"

He started through the streets, when all of a sudden a horrible dread overcame him! He knew he was being followed!

His heart began to beat so fast and so loudly that he could scarcely run for the pounding in his ears. What was worse, the more he ran, the nearer came his unknown pursuer!

"I knew it!" Caspar sobbed, as he raced along. "I knew when I left the house that something awful would happen!"

By this time, he was pounding on the front door of his house, and crying, "LET ME IN! LET ME IN!"

His mother opened the door, and Caspar fell into her arms, howling and yowling. "There!" he said, when he could speak once more. "I hope you're satisfied! A horrible monster fifty times as big as me, all black, with huge claws and great big fangs, chased me all the way home!"

"Rubbish!" said his mother firmly. "Show me this monster!"

Cautiously, Caspar opened the door. He stepped out on the porch, holding on to his mother's apron with one paw. "There it is! Right there!" he squeaked tearfully, pointing at the house across the way.

"Why, Caspar Cat!" laughed his mother. "That's nothing but your own **SHADOW!** You really are a coward!"

"Shadow?" repeated Caspar foolishly. "A shadow?"

It was then that Caspar learned how silly he had been. From that moment on, his stupid fear left him, never to return!

PIGSBY PIG

EXTRA! READ ALL ABOUT IT! WISBY WOLF BREAKS LEGS! IN A SERIOUS CONDITION!

NOW WHAT CAN THAT BE?

BOY! PAPER! PAPER, OVER HERE!

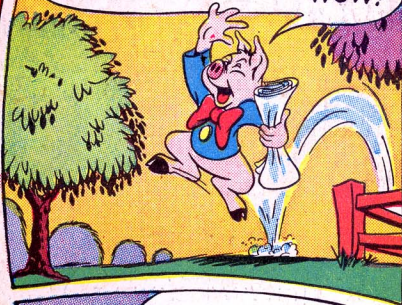
HERE YA ARE, SIR! AND IT'S A SHAME—TWO BEAR TRAPS GOT 'IM, I THINK!

YEAH? WELL, GIVE ME A COPY, QUICK!

OH, BOY!

WISBY WOLF
BREAKS LEGS
IN BED FOR
WEEKS SAYS
DOCTOR

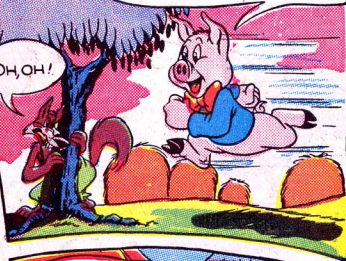
I'M FREE! FREE! NO MORE
WORRYING ABOUT DODGING
THAT SLUG! I CAN GO AND
COME AS I PLEASE! WOW!



WELL, WELL!
MY PLAN
WORKED!
THE FAKE
NEWSPAPER
AND THIS MASK
FOOLED HIM!
NOW HE'LL BE
OFF GUARD!

OH, OH!

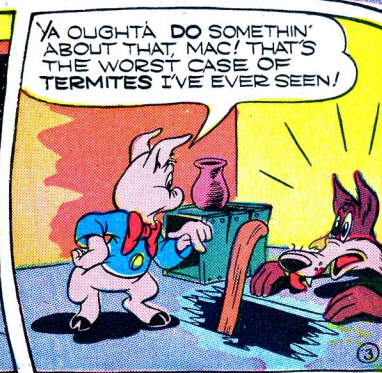
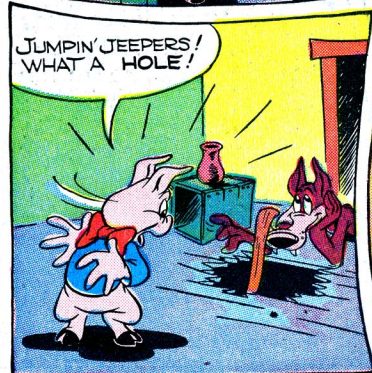
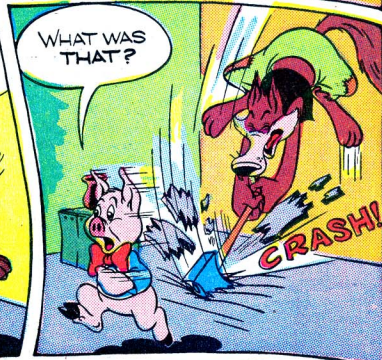
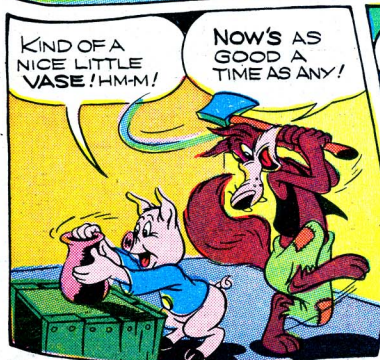
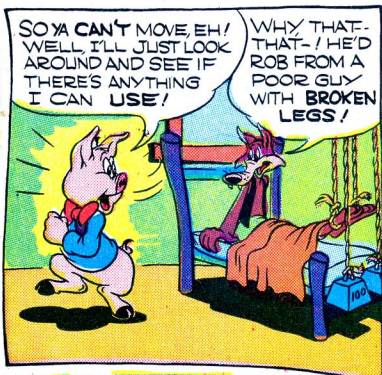
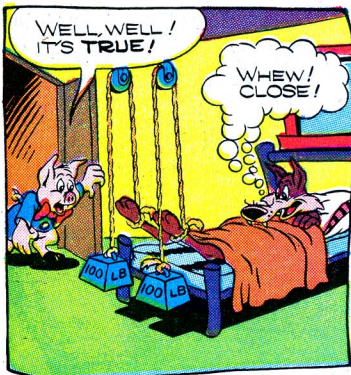
BUT JUST TO
MAKE SURE, I'M GOIN'
OVER TO HIS HOUSE!



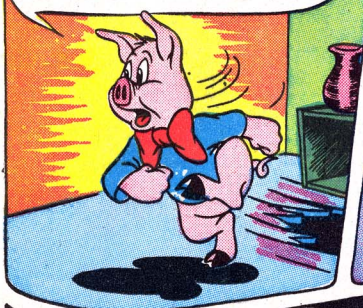
I'VE GOT TO BEAT
HIM OVER THERE!
WOW, WHAT A
SUSPICIOUS
GUY!

I HOPE I
MAKE IT!



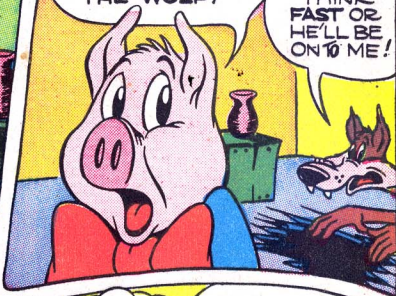


YES, SIR! THE WORST CASE
OF TERMITES I EVER—

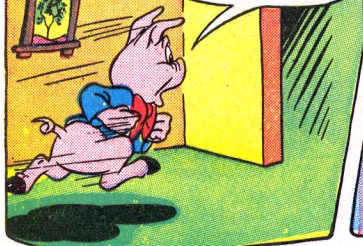


THE WOLF! I'LL
SWEAR THAT WAS
THE WOLF!

OH! OH!
I GOTTA
THINK
FAST OR
HE'LL BE
ON TO ME!

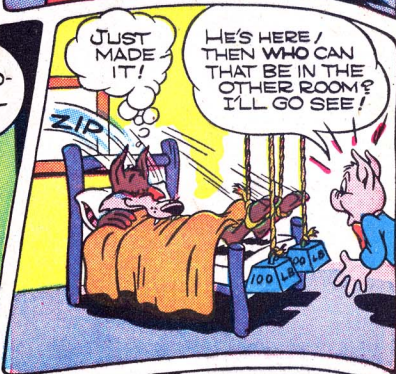


I'M GOIN' BACK TO THAT BED-
ROOM AND SEE IF HE'S STILL
IN THERE!



JUST
MADE
IT!

HE'S HERE /
THEN WHO CAN
THAT BE IN THE
OTHER ROOM?
I'LL GO SEE!

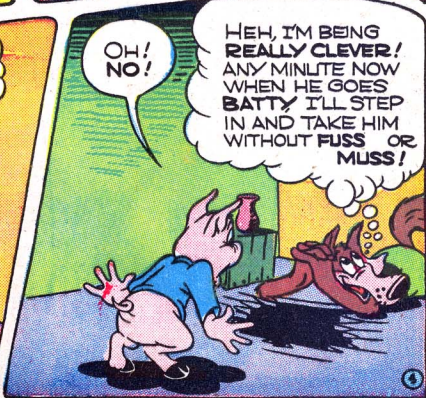


GULP! I'VE GOTTA MAKE
IT BEFORE HE DOES!

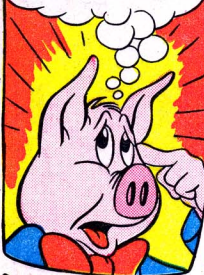


OH!
NO!

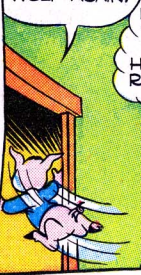
HEH, I'M BEING
REALLY CLEVER!
ANY MINUTE NOW
WHEN HE GOES
BATTY I'LL STEP
IN AND TAKE HIM
WITHOUT FUSS OR
MUSS!



THERE'S SOMETHING FUNNY GOIN' ON HERE! I'M GONNA TEST THIS GUY!



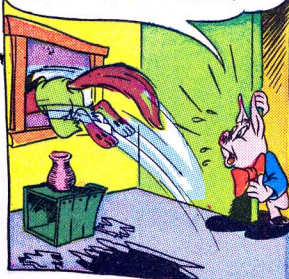
AHEM-I'VE GOTTA CHECK ON THAT WOLF AGAIN!



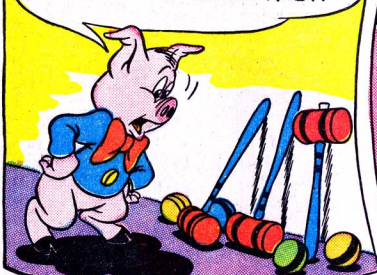
OOOPS! I'VE GOTTA BEAT HIM BACK THERE AGAIN! HE'S STILL RATIONAL!



SO THAT'S IT! TRYIN' TO GET ME RATTLED. DRIVE ME CRAZY-THEN EAT ME! OKAY! HE ASKED FOR IT!

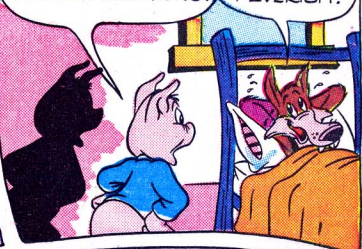


HM-M-A CROQUET SET, HUH? I'VE GOT TO WORK FAST!



GRACIOUS, WISBY, Y' LOOK LIKE YOU HAVE A FEVER! YOU'RE PERSPIRING!

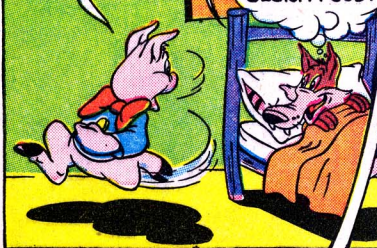
YES, I FEEL A LITTLE FEVERISH!



Y' BETTER LET ME GIVE YOU A COUPLE OF PILLS!

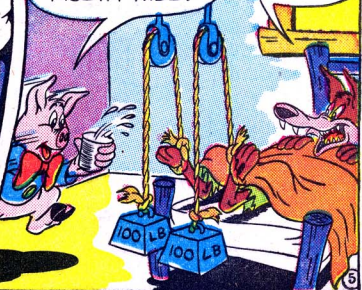
SURE!

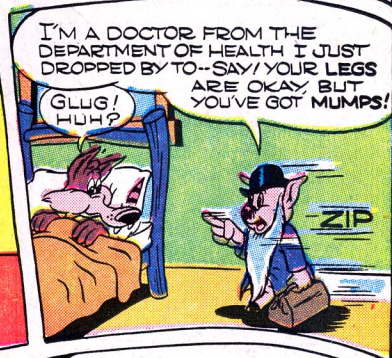
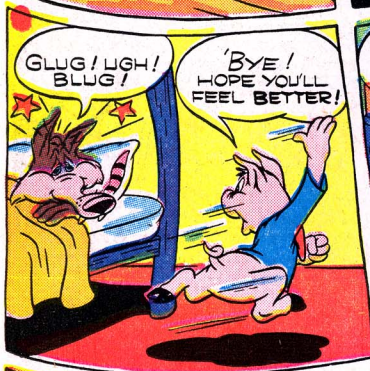
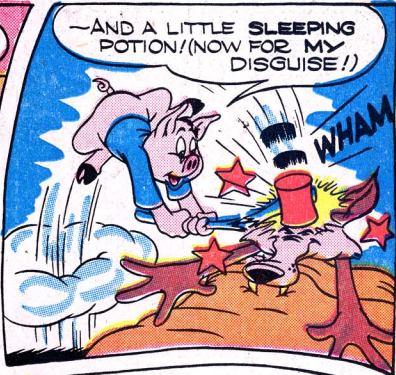
THIS IS WORKIN' OUT SWELL! GET HIM CLOSE AND THEN-SLURP! FOOD!



HERE, TAKE THIS WATER AND I'LL GIVE Y'THE PILLS! OPEN YOUR MOUTH WIDE!

OKAY! HEH! I'M READY!





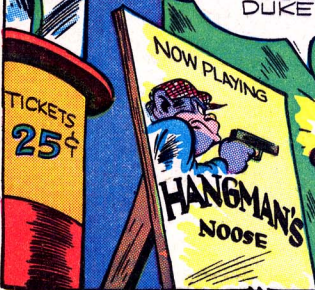
the DUKE and the DOPE

by KEN HULTGREN

OH, BOY!

A COP AND ROBBER
PICTURE WITH
LOTS A SHOOTING!
LET'S SEE IT,
DUKE!

OKAY, BUT
FIRST WE'VE GOT
TO FIND SOME-
BODY TO
TAKE US!

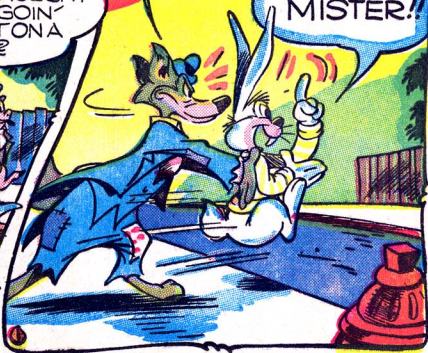


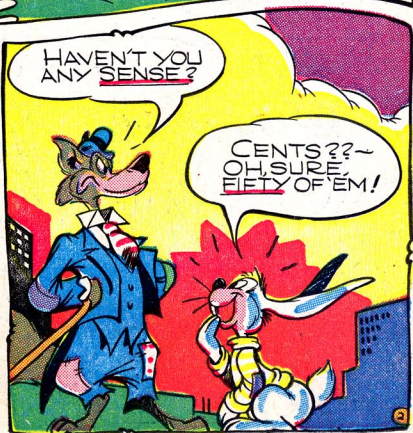
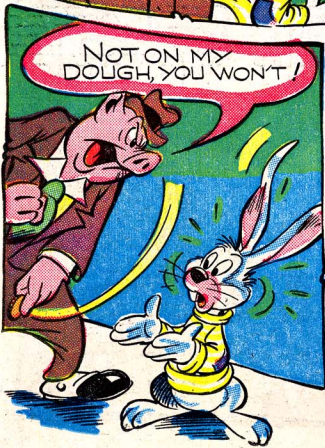
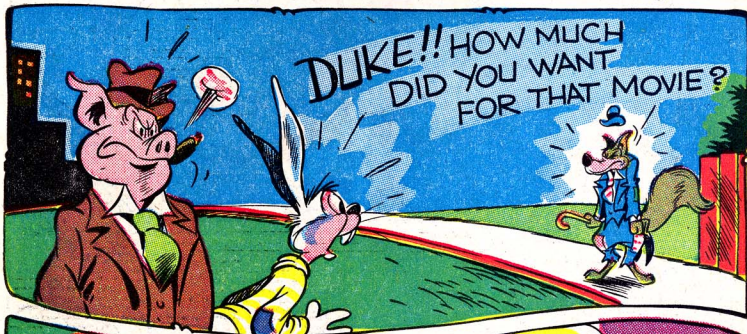
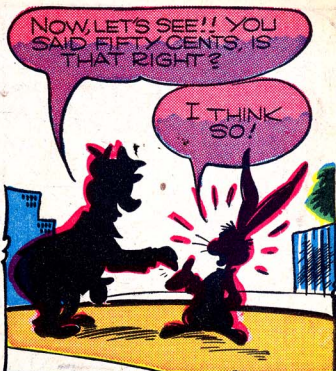
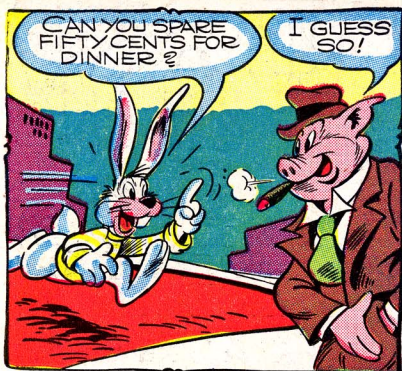
THERE'S A LIKELY
PROSPECT! GO OVER
AND ASK HIM FOR
FIFTY CENTS FOR
DINNER!

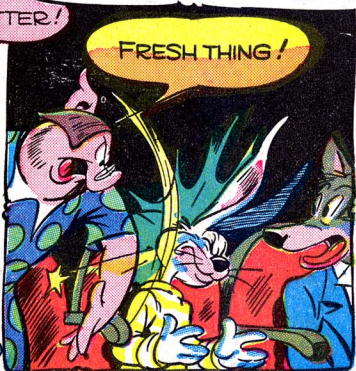
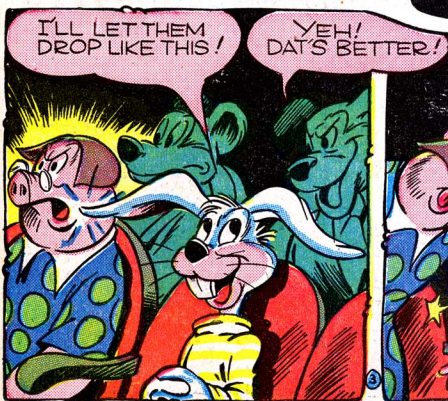
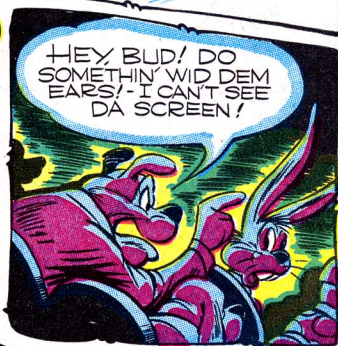
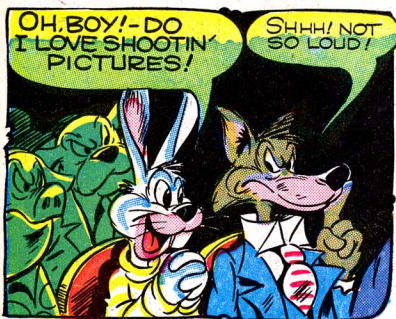
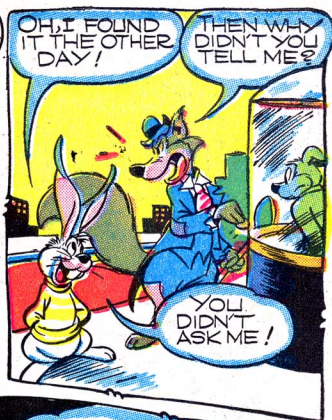
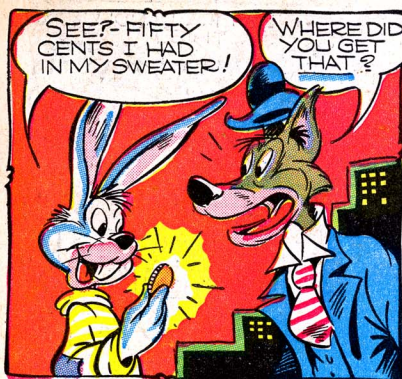
HUH?? I THOUGHT
WE WERE GOIN'
T' SPEND IT ON A
SHOW?

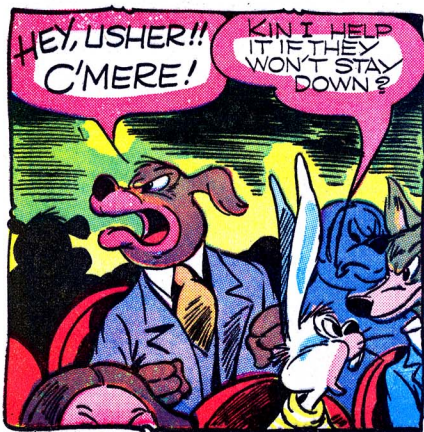
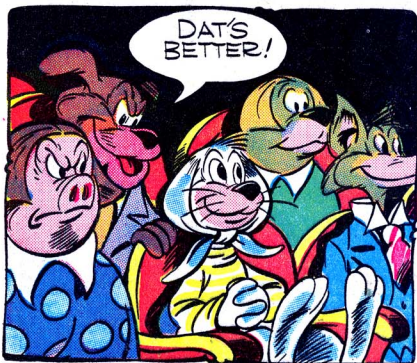
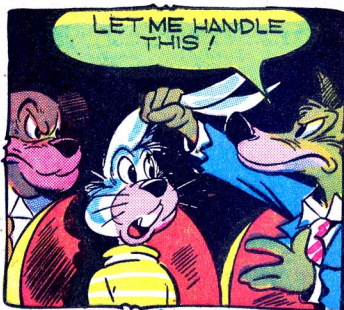
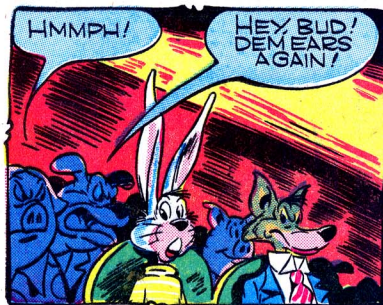
OF COURSE, STUPID, BUT
WE CAN'T TELL HIM THAT!
GET GOIN'!

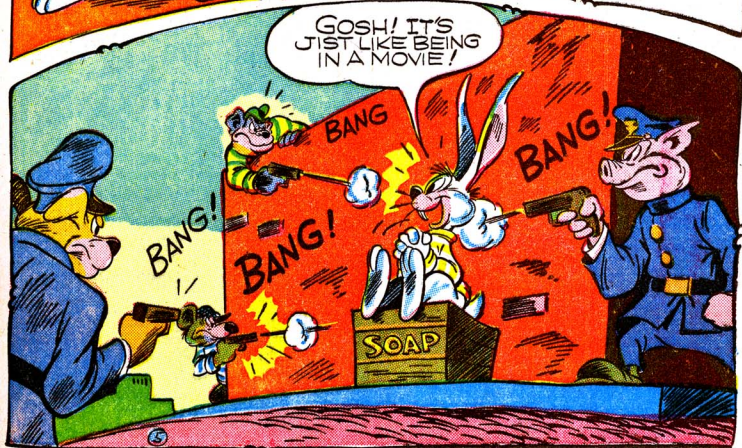
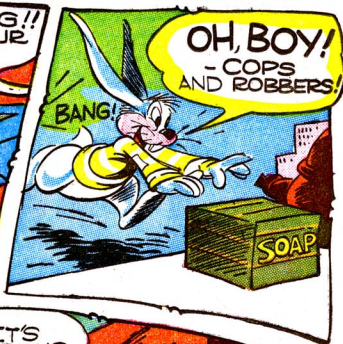
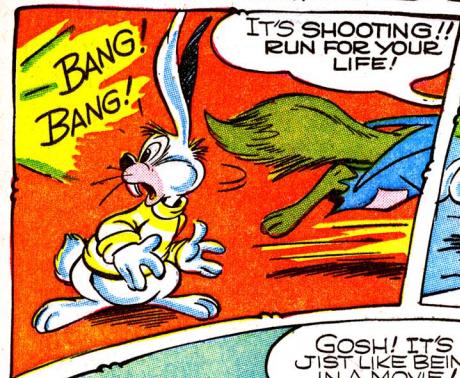
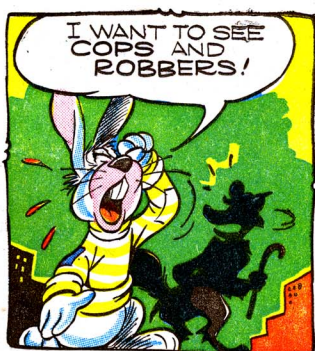
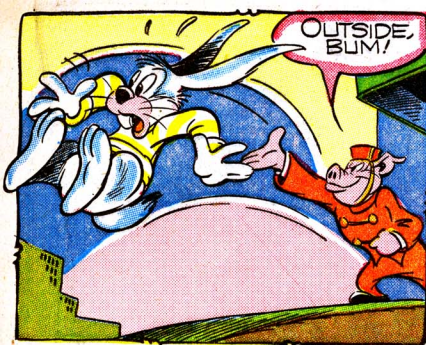
OKAY!—
OH,
MISTER!!













RADCLIFFE was the nastiest raccoon you could possibly imagine! He was so impertinent that everyone called him "RUDE RADCLIFFE", and with very good reason. He acted as though he were the only animal in the forest . . . pushing, shoving, grabbing and making a terrible pest of himself!

Now Radcliffe had one habit that was especially irritating. He was the little guy that could never wait on line for anything. Oh, no! When he went to the movies, for instance, and found a long line waiting for tickets, what did he do?

Why, he just stepped hard on a number of toes, jabbed his elbows into some stranger's ribs, butted his head against somebody's back, and PRESTO! There he was, right at the head of the line!

As a result of his selfish, bad manners, Radcliffe was disliked by everyone, particularly Harry Hare and Waldo Wabbit. Waldo couldn't pronounce his "r's" very well, but he was a bright little fellow anyhow.

One morning, Waldo and Harry were talking about Radcliffe's vicious temper. Waldo said, "I tell you, Hawwy, Wadcliffe smacked me—wight in the wibs! He's mean!"

And Harry answered, "Mean? That's no word for him! He's a menace!"

As they talked, a plan formed in Waldo's mind. "Say, Hawwy!" he shouted excitedly, "I've got an idea that'll fix that wotten wacoon! Wanna try it?"

"SURE!" answered Harry enthusiastically. "Any time you say!"

The rest of the morning they spent in visiting all their forest friends, until they had gathered a group of fifteen or twenty. Then Waldo explained his idea to them. Everyone thought it was keen!

They all went to a certain spot in the forest and waited and waited. Then, Waldo Wabbit whispered sharply, "Okay, fellas, Wadcliffe Waccoon is comin'!"

Quickly, all the animals formed a line and stood silently, one behind the other. When Radcliffe came along, he saw them and asked roughly, "Whatcha standin' on line for? Movies? Free samples?"

No one answered him. They just stood. Naturally, Radcliffe couldn't stand NOT KNOWING! So he got on the end of the line and fidgeted there for a few minutes. Then he started his old tricks! He elbowed and pushed and shoved everyone in front of him. Oddly enough, nobody said a word.

In his eagerness to get to the front of the line, Radcliffe didn't even bother to see where he was heading. Which was an important consideration, for the line started at the very edge of a steep little cliff!

Radcliffe tumbled, slipped, and over and over he went, rolling down the cliff smack into an uncomfortable thorn bush. When he looked up, he saw all the little animals peering down over the cliff at him. They never said a word. They were too busy laughing!

ALEC

AND IF YOU PASS THIS TEST, YOU'LL BE FIRST-CLASS SCOLTS!

SCOUT
TROOP ~
13
CLUB ROOM

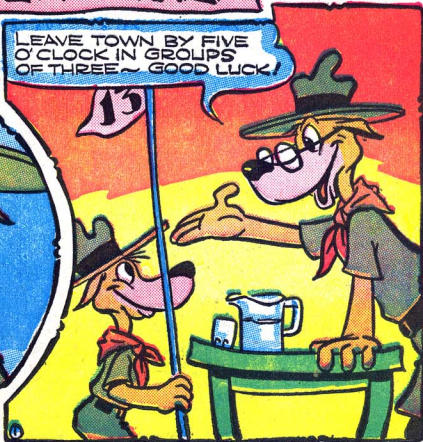
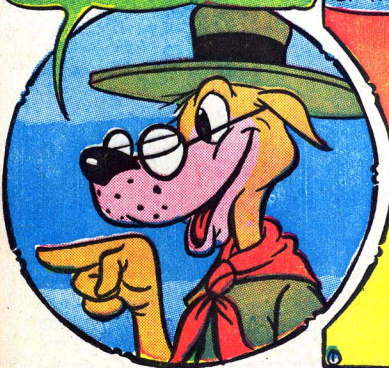
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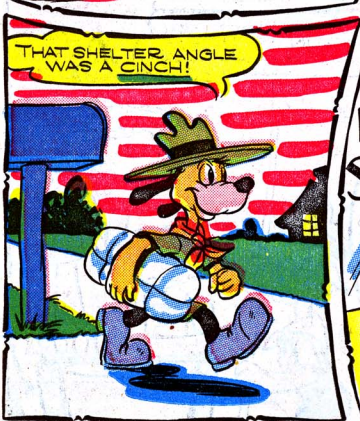
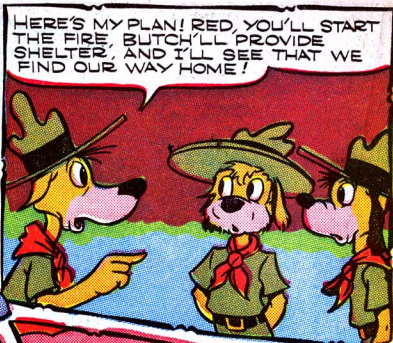
LYNN KARP

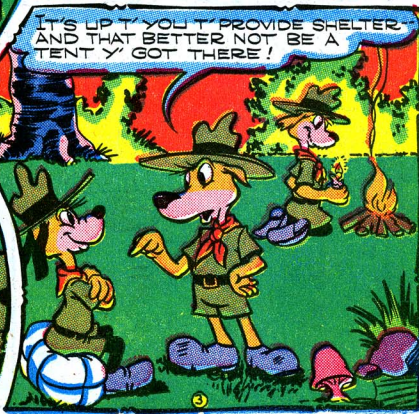
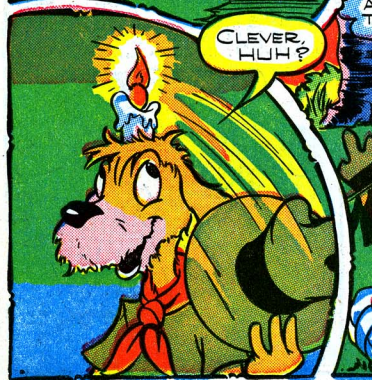
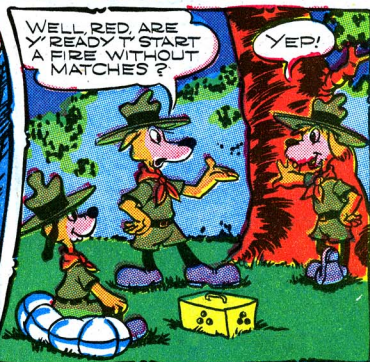
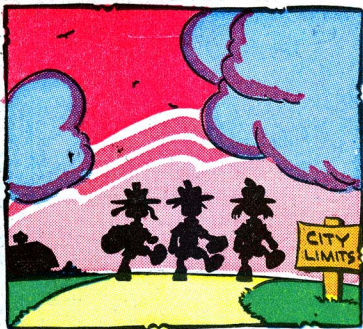
YOU MUST HIKE OUT IN THE WOODS WITHOUT COMPASS, MATCHES, OR TENT. STAY ALL NIGHT AND FIND YOUR WAY BACK!

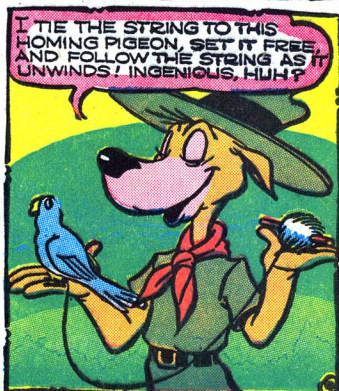
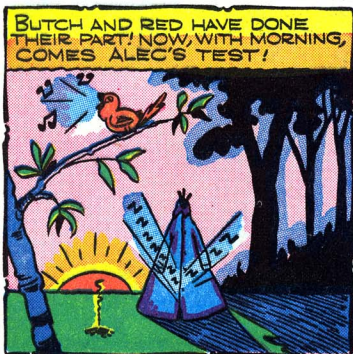
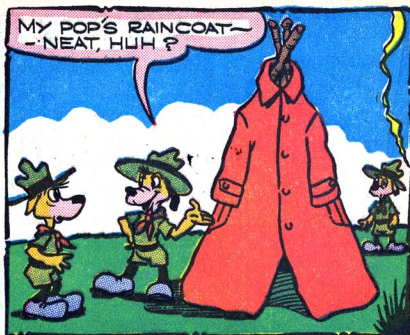
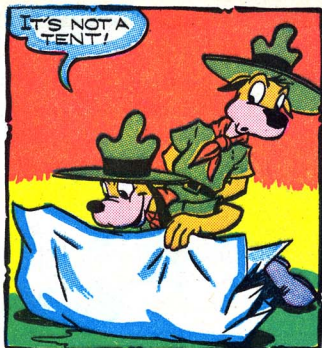
LEAVE TOWN BY FIVE O'CLOCK IN GROUPS OF THREE ~ GOOD LUCK!

13

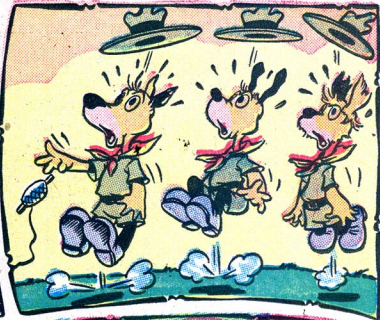








PRETTY SLICK!



NOW WHAT, WISE GUY?

EASY, THE NORTH SIDE OF A TREE HAS MOSS ON IT. C'MON, WE'LL FIND ONE AND BE ALL SET!



SO!

DON'T GET EXCITED NOW, FELLAS! WE CAN TELL WHICH WAY'S WEST BY LOOKIN' AT THE SUN AND —

NOTHIN' ON THIS TREE BUT BARK!

THIS ONE'S GOT MOSS ALL THE WAY 'ROUND!



-RAIN!

WELL, IT'S STOPPED
RAINING! JUST A
LOCAL SHOWER!

YEAH, BUT IT'S
STILL CLOUDY!

I'VE GOT IT!

JUST FOLLOW
ME! Y' SEE
FELLAS A
TRUE NATURE
STUDENT

--KNOWS
THAT
SOONER
OR LATER--

--ANTS ALWAYS
END UP AT A
PICNIC!

?

CITY
PICNIC
PARK

SPENCER SPOOK

I'VE DONE IT!
I'VE DONE IT!
I MADE THEM MOVE!
I'VE PASSED MY
FINAL EXAMINATION!

AM I GLAD
TO GET OUT
OF THERE!
IT WAS HORRIBLE!
GHOSTS!

HURRY!
HE MIGHT
FOLLOW US!

Story-
HUBERT KARP

KEN CHAMPIN

I MUST TELL THE PROFESSOR!
I MADE THEM MOVE! NOW I'LL
BE A FULL-FLEDGED SPOOK!

IT WAS POPPING
OUT OF THAT MEAT
PIE AT DINNER THAT
DID IT! I'M GLAD
I PRACTICED IT
WELL IN CLASS!

SPOOK
COLLEGE

I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU MADE IT, SPENCER! YOU'RE JUST IN TIME TO GRADUATE!

IT WAS TOUGH, SIR!

YOU ALL HAVE YOUR DIPLOMAS! FOR YOUR GRADUATION PRESENT, YOU EACH GET THE HOUSE IN WHICH YOU PASSED YOUR FINAL EXAM! SO GOOD BYE AND GOOD LUCK!

GEE WHIZ! WHAT A SWELL PRESENT!

OH, BOY! I HAVE NEW TENANTS ALREADY! I MUST TEAR UP TO MY ROOM AND GET A NAP BEFORE DARK!

OH-OH! TIME TO GO TO WORK! BOY! THIS SHOULD BE FUN!

I'LL START EASY! I'LL JUST JOIN THEM FOR DINNER! HEH! HEH!

NOW WATCH THEM... EH-PASS THE CHICKEN, PLEASE!

SURE! HERE Y'ARE!

WHAT?
A GUEST?

YES, HERMAN,
WE HAVE A GUEST
AND IT'S A —
IT'S A GHOST!

GUEST NOTHING!
NOBODY INVITED
HIM! GIVE ME BACK
THAT CHICKEN! IF YOU
WANT TO EAT, YOU'LL PAY!

PAY?
BUT I-I-
DON'T HAVE
ANY MONEY!!

THEN
LEAVE THE ROOM
THIS INSTANT!
YOU CAD!

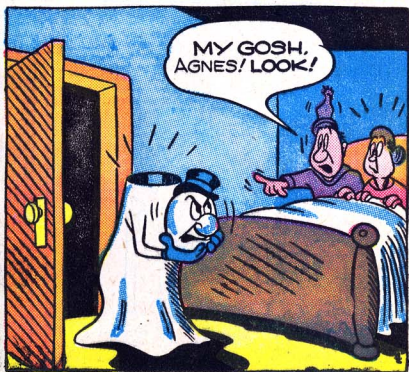
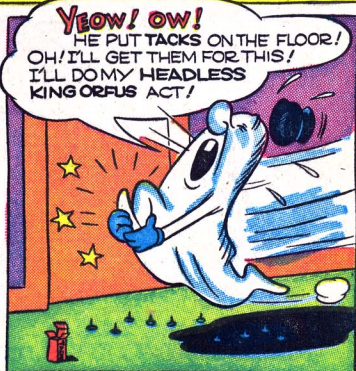
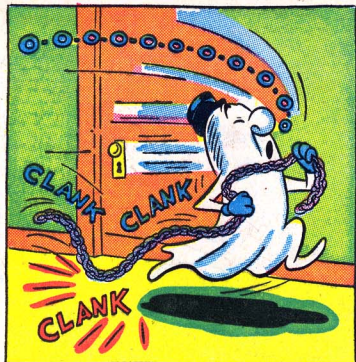
I'M SORRY,
I-I —
GULP!

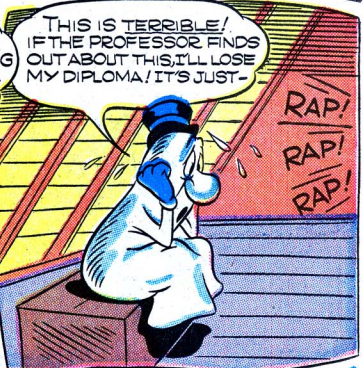
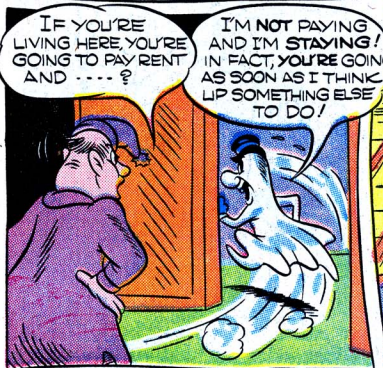
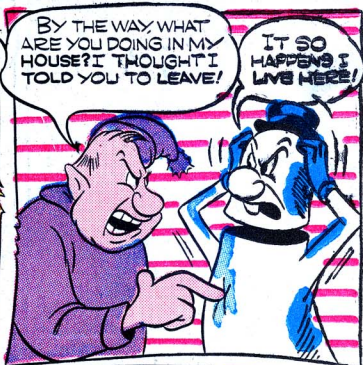
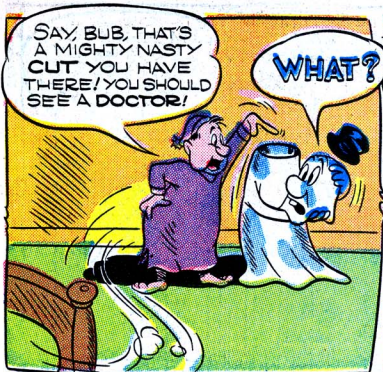
HEY! THEY WEREN'T
SCARED! AND HE EVEN
KICKED ME OUT OF THE
DINING ROOM!

OKAY! THEY ASKED FOR IT!
AT TWELVE O'CLOCK, WHEN THEY'RE
IN BED, I'LL TURN ON MY **SUPER-**
HAUNT ROUTINE! THEY'LL MOVE —
AND MOVE FAST!

BONG
BONG
BONG

HERE GOES! WITH THESE
CHAINS RATTLING PAST THEIR
DOOR, THEY'LL BE SCARED
TO DEATH!





NEXT DAY

I'M GOING TO
FIX THE WORST
HAUNT POSSIBLE!
THIS IS BOUND TO
DO TH' TRICK!

RAP!
RAP!
RAP!

LISTEN, YOU!
GO AWAY AND
STOP BOTHERING
ME!

I'M SORRY, BUT
I DON'T KNOW
WHAT YOU'RE
TALKING ABOUT!

OH, I'M
SORRY!
I THOUGHT
YOU WERE
THE TENANT
HERE, AND.

NO! I'M NOT!
BUT I HAVE
A SUMMONS
HERE FOR
YOUR EVICTION!
PACK UP,
BUB, YOU'RE
MOVING!

THAT HEEL-
SNIFF. GETTING
TH' LAW AFTER ME!

YIPE!

LET ME OUT
OF HERE!
IT'S A
GHOST!

HEY! COME BACK HERE!
YOU'VE GOT TO MAKE
HIM GET OUT
OF HERE!

BROTHER, IF
YOU STAY HERE
ANOTHER MINUTE,
YOU'RE CRAZY!

I'LL GET RID
OF YOU, SPOOKY,
JUST WAIT!

OH, YEAH?
YOU'RE IN FOR
TROUBLE, BROTHER!

L
A
T
E
R

I SHOULD
HAVE USED
THIS GET UP
SOONER!
— NOW TO
THEIR ROOM!

THIS GUY ALMOST
HAD ME LICKED! IT WOULD HAVE
BEEN A DISGRACE!

YIPE!

LET ME OUT
OF HERE!

HEH/HEH!

PLEASE GO BACK,
SPENCER! THINK OF TH'
SCHOOL'S REPUTATION!

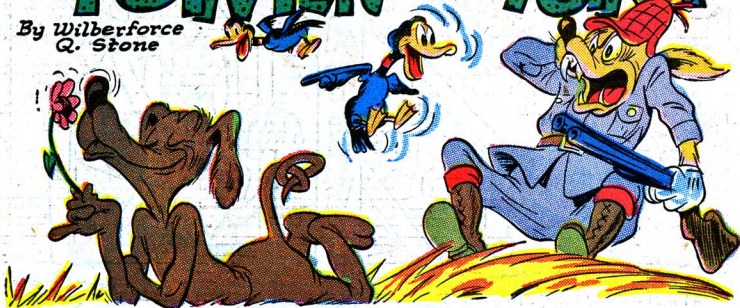
NO!— I'M
STAYING HERE
—AT HOME
WITH MOTHER!

CEMETERY
CLOSES
AT 5:30

END

The **POINTER** That Wouldn't **POINT**

By Wilberforce
Q. Stone



POINTDEXTER was a brown-and-white spotted dog with a heart of gold. He belonged to the family of dogs called "pointer". Pointers are hunting dogs trained to stop at the scent of game birds and point. With their noses.

Now Pointdexter Pointer did not care to point at game birds. "If I point at them, they'll be found, and if they're found, they'll be shot! Why should I point at 'em? I LIKE game birds. There's something so-so-GAME about 'em!"

For this reason, Pointdexter developed a curious habit whenever his master, Wolcott Wolf, took him out hunting. Whenever he'd come anywhere near a clump of tall grass or a hedge where birds were gathered, Pointdexter would always *point the other way!*

As you can well understand, this habit made Wolcott Wolf jumping mad. He would jump up and down and from side to side and scream in a high, shrill voice, "You, Pointdexter! You lazy, flea-bitten dumb dog! Call yerself a pointer, huh? Why, you don't get the point at all! Yer supposed to POINT at the birds, so's I can SHOOT 'em! See?"

But no amount of shouting would make Pointdexter Pointer point. In fact, he said this very distinctly to Wolcott Wolf on more than one occasion:

"Wolcott Wolfe," he said, "I refuse to become a menace to our little feathered forest friends! They have never done me any harm, with the exception, perhaps, of that grouse who doesn't return books. I will not lead them to disaster and doom!"

Well, this sort of thing went on for quite a while. Wolcott Wolf insisted on taking his hunting rifle out every day to shoot birds with, and Pointdexter Pointer refused to point at the birds so Wolcott could shoot them!

It got so bad that Wolcott and Pointdexter wouldn't even speak to each other. They'd set out on a hunting trip at sunrise and come home after sunset without having even exchanged a single word.

Finally, Wolcott Wolf took a stand. "See here, Pointdexter," he said, "we've got to reach an understanding. Be reasonable! You're a pointer. POINT!"

Pointdexter answered calmly, "I have a suggestion to make. Naturally, you are embarrassed, because you own a pointer that won't. Well, I'll point if you'll agree to my demand!"

"Anything! Anything at all!" answered Wolcott Wolf eagerly. "If you would only point, I would be a happy wolf!"

The next day, when they went out hunting, everyone was treated to a strange sight. Pointdexter Pointer ran over to a clump of grass, where a family of birds was nesting. He pointed his nose at them sharply.

"Good dog!" smiled Wolcott Wolf, and raised his rifle.

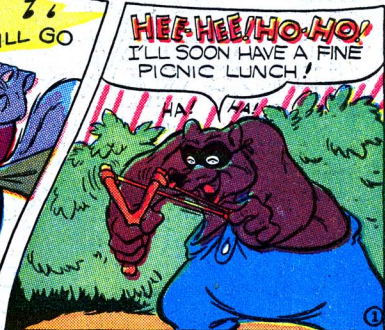
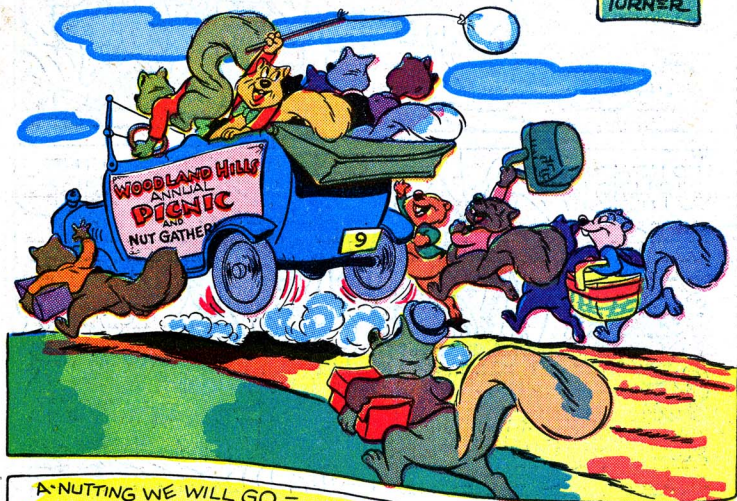
BANG! went a loud report.

But not a single bird was shot. For Pointdexter Pointer had made Wolcott Wolf use **BLANKS** instead of bullets!

RINGO

and THE PICNIC LUNCHES

by
GIL
TURNER



HANDS
UP!

IT'S A
HOLDUP!

~AND NOW, THE
PICNIC LUNCHES,
IF YOU PLEASE!

WE'D BETTER
REPORT-

-THIS-

-TO THE
CONSTABLE!

BOYO-BOY!
WAIT'LL TH'
GANG SEES
THIS HAUL!

HEH-
HEH-HEH!
HEH-HEH!

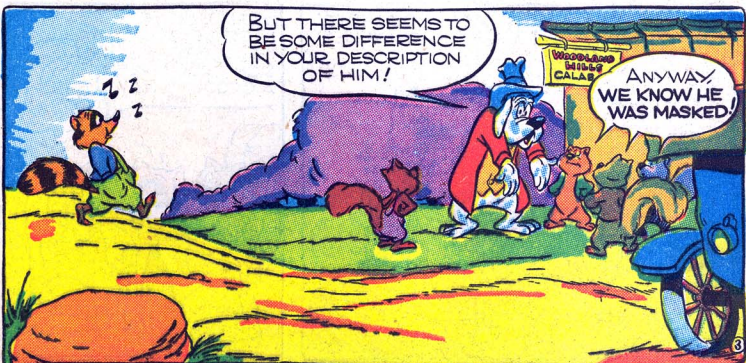
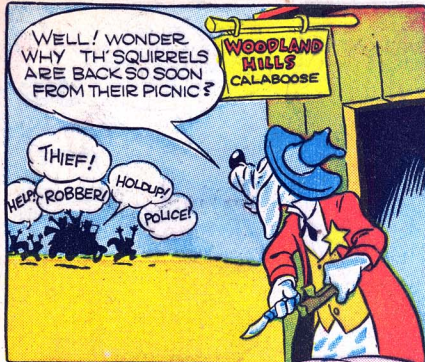
THIEF!

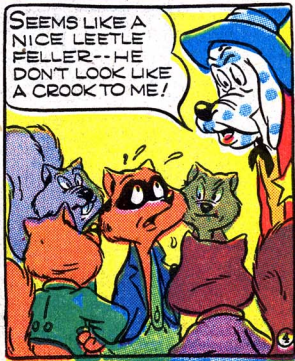
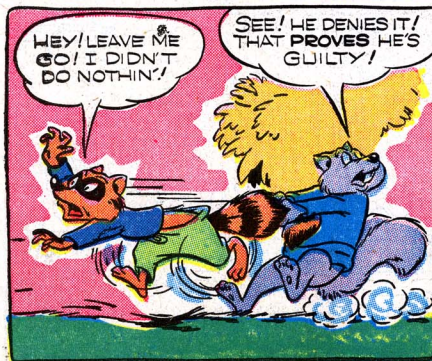
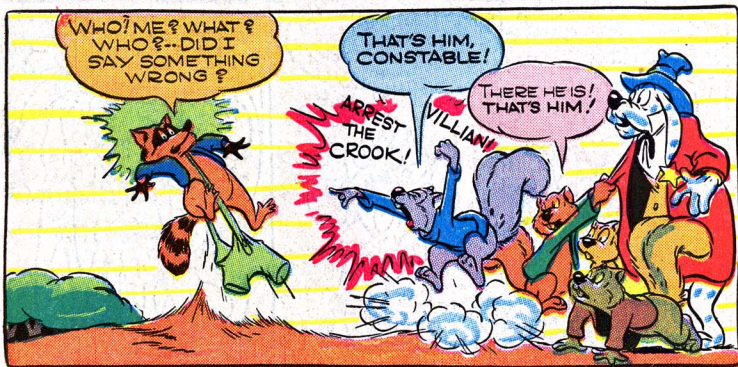
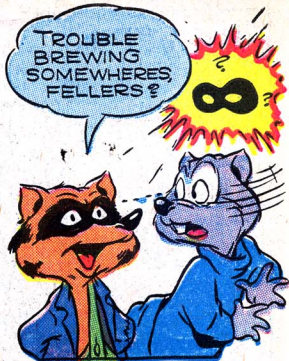
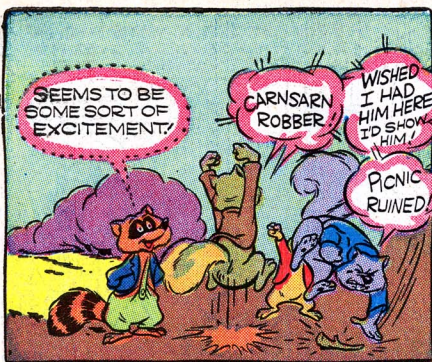
ROBBER!

HELP
MURDER!

HOLDUP
MEN!

POLICE!





ALL RIGHT! IF HE ISN'T
A CROOK, ASK HIM WHY
HE HAS ON A
BLACK MASK!



BECAUSE I'VE ALWAYS HAD IT!
AND WHAT'S MORE, I LIKE IT!
~ AND IF I HAD YOUR OLD
YELLOW TEETH, I WOULDN'T BE
TALKIN' ABOUT OTHER PEOPLE!



OH!
WHAT YOU
SAID!

YEAH, AN' JUST
WAIT TILL A JURY
HEARS MY CASE!
THEY'LL DECIDE!



WE'VE ALREADY DECIDED!
YOU'RE GUILTY!



Wow! I HAVEN'T
A CHANCE! I'LL BE
SENT UP THE RIVER
FOR SURE BY THAT
SQUIRRELY JURY!

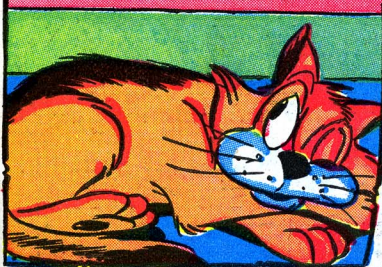
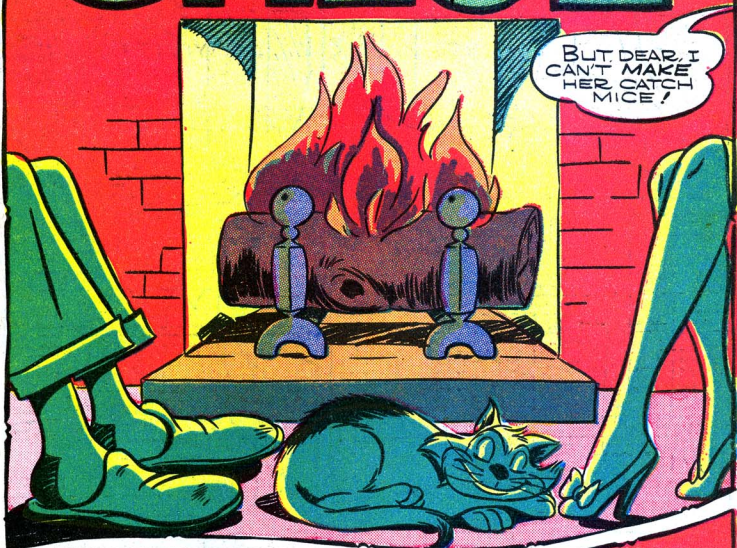


WELL! WELL!
I NEVER SAW THE
HAPPY FOREST
QUITE THAT HAPPY
BEFORE!

HA HA!
HO HO HO HA!
HA HA HA!



CHLOE






AND WE START BY
NOT FEEDING HER TONIGHT!

OKAY, DEAR,
GOOD NIGHT!



SO THEY'RE GONNA
STARVE ME, HUH? WELL,
WE'LL SEE ABOUT
THAT!



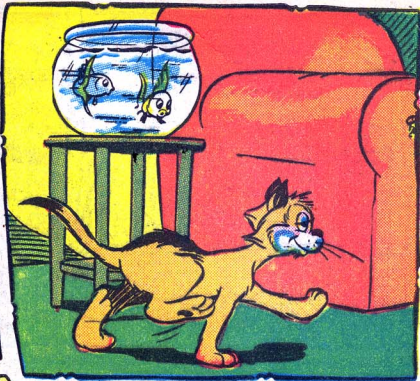
—AND LOBSTER! ALWAYS
BEEN PARTIAL TO LOBSTER
AND, AH—TUNA!



AH, SMACK! WHAT A DELICIOUS
REPAST! STARVE ME, HUH?
WHAT A LAUGH!



NOW TO DITCH THE EVIDENCE
SO THE OLD GAL WON'T
GET WISE!

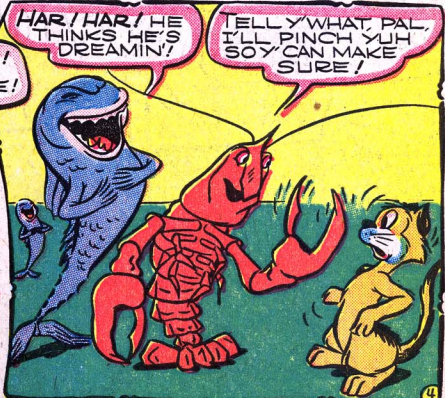
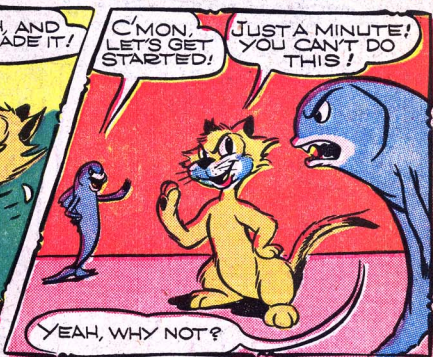
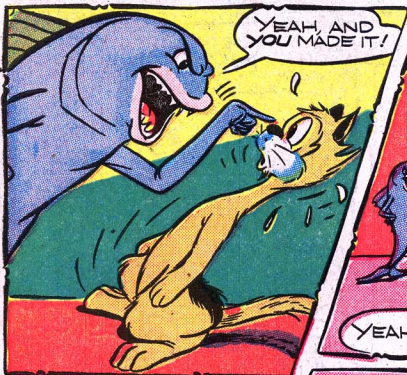
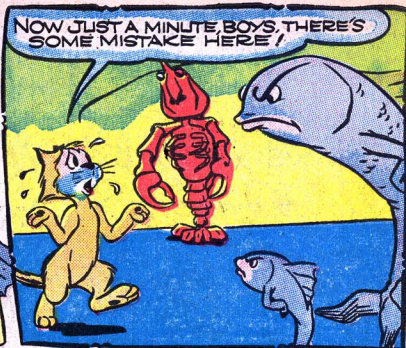
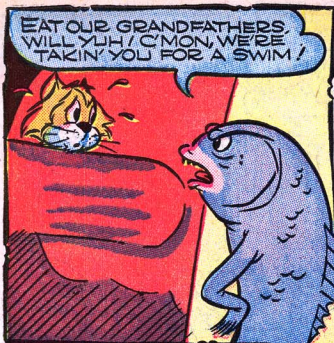


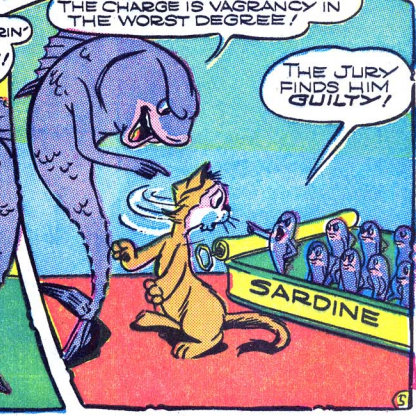
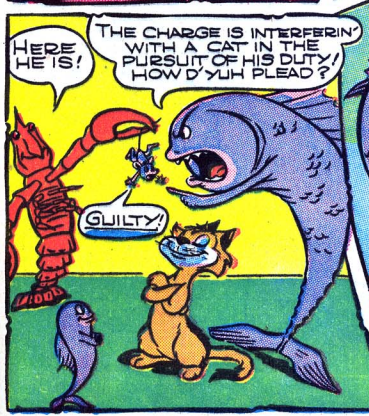
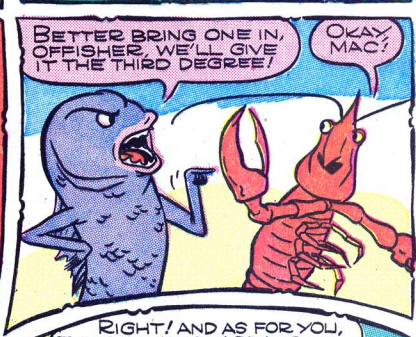
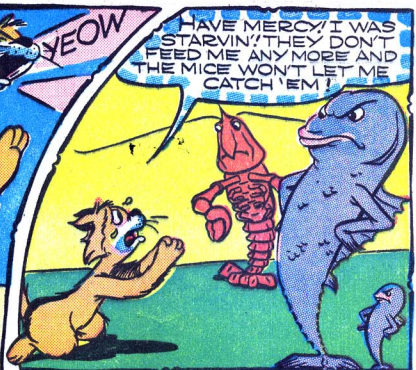
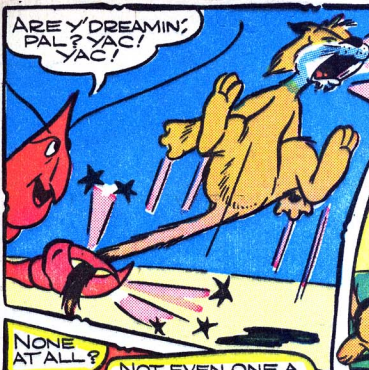
AND NOW FOR A NICE LONG SNOOZE!



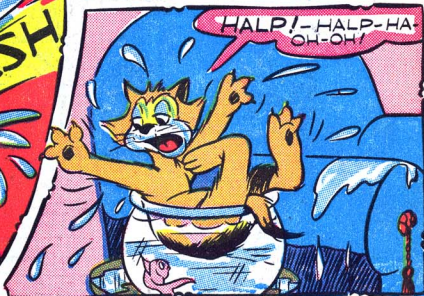
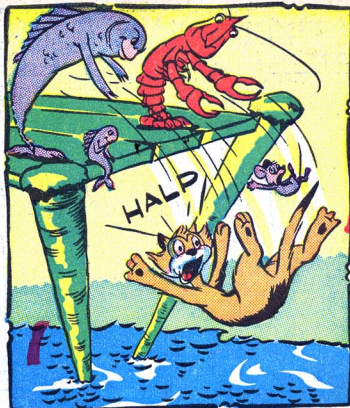
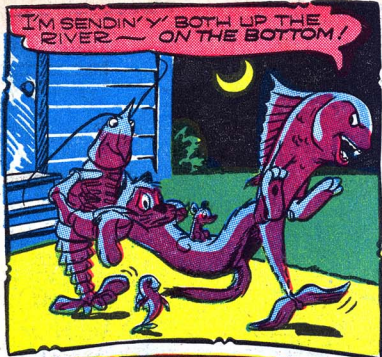
HE'S AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE!

YEAH,
KEEP
HUNTIN'!





I'M SENDIN' Y' BOTH UP THE RIVER — ON THE BOTTOM!



OH, BOY, WHAT A RELIEF!
I DID HAVE A NIGHTMARE!



YEAH AND NEXT
TIME LEAVE
ME OUT OF IT!



New ENLARGEMENT 3¢

Just to Get Acquainted We Will Beautifully Enlarge Your Favorite Snapshot, Photo, Kodak Picture, Print or Negative to 5 x 7 Inches If You Enclose the Coupon and a 3 Cent Stamp for Return Mailing!

Everyone admires pictures in natural colors because the surroundings and loved ones are so true to life, just the way they looked when the pictures were taken, so we want you to know also about our gorgeous colored enlargements. Think of having that small picture or snapshot enlarged to 5 by 7-inch size so that the details and features you love are more life-like and natural. Over one million men and women have sent us their favorite snapshots and pictures for enlarging. Thousands write us how much they also enjoy their remarkably true-to-life, natural colored enlargements we have sent them in handsome black and gold, or ivory and gold frames.

You are now given a wonderful opportunity to receive a beautiful enlargement of your cherished snapshot, photo or Kodak picture. Please include the color of hair and eyes and get our new bargain offer giving you your choice of handsome frames with a second enlargement beautifully hand tinted in natural lifelike oil colors and sent on approval. Your original is returned with your enlargement. This amazing enlargement offer is our way of getting acquainted and letting you know the quality of our work. Send today as supplies are limited.

DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 1253, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa

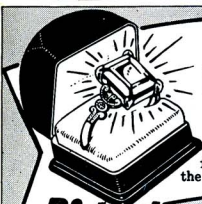


Enclose this coupon with your favorite snapshot, picture or negative and send to **DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 1253, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa.**

Name
Address
City State

Color of Hair

Color of Eyes



Birthstone RING

Pick out the gift you want from the articles shown or from the big gift circular included with your first order.

New, dainty ring set with birthstone correct for your month date. **GIVEN** for selling only 5 boxes of 1 order. A Good Luck Gift.

6 TEASPOONS

The Silverware you will adore. 6 spoons **GIVEN** for selling 1 order as explained in gift circular.



SET OF DISHES

Complete set of dishes for four, beautifully decorated, **GIVEN** for selling 1 order as explained in gift circular.

BASEBALL GAME

Enjoyed by old and young, complete with score pad. **GIVEN** for selling only 1 order.



HOLSTER SET

Cowboy Outfit. Pistol and Holster. **GIVEN** for selling only 1 order.

WALKY-TALKY

Gives hours of entertainment. **GIVEN** for selling only 1 order.

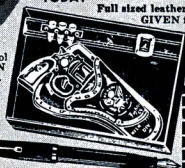
SOFTBALL SET

3-piece outfit. Regulation ball, bat and cap. **GIVEN** for selling 1 order as per catalog.



FOUNTAIN PEN

Also pencil sets. **GIVEN** for selling 1 order, as per catalog. We trust you. Send today.



LEATHER BILLFOLD

Full sized leather billfold. **GIVEN** for selling 5 boxes of 1 order.

SEND TODAY



POWERFUL TELESCOPE

GIVEN for selling 5 boxes of 1 order.

CAMERA

Candid type.

GIVEN for selling 1 order as per catalog.



Send No Money Now. Do like thousands of others do and get cash or valuable gifts such as bill-folds, scissors, games, bracelets, rings, lockets, jewelry, hosiery, and other premiums that are easily yours. Simply send the coupon and tell us what gift you would like to earn. The gift you select is given to you promptly and sent postpaid for selling just a few boxes of nationally known "Gold Crown Spot Remover and Cleaner" at 25c each and returning the money collected as explained in our free catalog sent with your first order. Here's your lucky chance to receive a valuable gift. Repeat orders bring cash or more gifts.

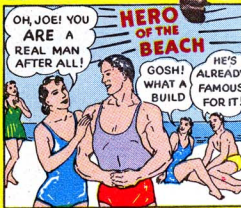
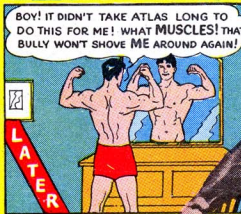
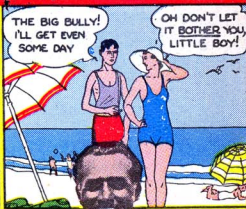
Enclose this coupon in an envelope or paste it on a postcard and send it to **GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-457, Jefferson, Iowa**, for order to start.

Name
Address
City
State Gift Wanted

GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-457, Jefferson, Iowa

HOW JOE'S BODY
BROUGHT HIM

FAME INSTEAD OF SHAME



I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too, in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

If YOU, like Joe, have a body that others can "push around"—if you're ashamed to strip for sports or a swim—then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'll PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of, packed with red-blooded vitality! "Dynamic Tension." That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a spindle-shanked, scrawny weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

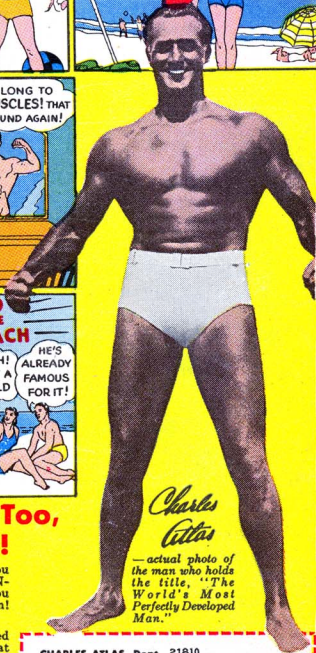
"Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your best measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. Before you know it, this easy,

NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be! You'll be a New Man!

FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they looked before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Send NOW for this book—FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension," shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally: Charles Atlas, Dept. 21810, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.



Charles Atlas

—actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 21810
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name.....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

City..... State.....

☐ Check here if under 16 for Booklet A